

CORADDI



THE MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA AT GREENSBORO · MAY · 1979



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Steinlager
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Notes From The Editors

Over the past year this magazine has tried very hard to be many things to many people. We have sought to produce a high quality publication concerned with the arts as they exist here at UNC-G, and at this, admittedly we have failed to a great extent, primarily because we have found ourselves caught up in our own ever developing individual and collective interpretations of what art might really be. In a sense we have only played at being editors, we have only played at being businessmen; those who have contributed their work have played at their roles as well, either as artists or as authors, and only rarely have we come together in such a way that we have transcended ourselves. We have tested the murky waters of art with out-stretched toes only to leap in head first, and it is time for us to emerge and discover what, if anything, we have learned.

Coraddi is a student effort. We are well aware of the conflict that exists between being a student publication and attempting to work on a professional level, just as we are aware of the conflict that exists between being a student and being a professional artist. At what point does the work of a "student" become the work of a fullfledged artist?

Here at UNC-G the words "the arts" have a number of meanings, from UC/LS to de Kooning's "Woman" to the Student Art Show to Randall Jarrell. There are those members of this community who seem to feel that only that which has been recognized on the national or international level as "Art" is indeed valid. At the other extreme are those students and instructors who approach even the most insignificant of assignments as explorations into the inner sanctum of artistic truth. Which attitude is most appropriate for a school such as UNC-G? Which master should *Coraddi* serve?

Then too there is the question of obscenity in art. The constitution of this country promises freedom of speech to its citizens. There are even entire courses at UNC-G devoted to the issues of freedom of speech and censorship. Yet we have found through *Coraddi* that economic and political expediencies often require a different perspective than that which we are taught in the classroom.

Despite these conflicts, perhaps because of them, we have still continued to publish. They have become the cornerstone of our learning experience with regards to *Coraddi*. There have been moments when we have nearly given up, there have been times when the pressures of satisfying these opposing points of view have almost been too great. Yet from these difficulties we have been forced to deal with issues of vital personal importance, and from this year we walk away a little bit older, perhaps a little bit colder, but at the same time rejuvenated and perhaps touched by the warmth of a tiny glimmer of wisdom. Some of us shall move on to other things, some shall stay and build upon this year's experience. The *Coraddi* shall continue,

as it always has, and for the first time in years there may be a measure of continuity, a measure of growth. The questions that have plagued us in our initial development will continue to plague us in the coming year. Perhaps we shall come a little bit closer to an answer. Perhaps we will be able to influence those who put forth these issues. At any rate, look for *Coraddi* when school starts up in the fall. It will still be there.

Ric Marshall

Every year the editor of the *Coraddi* pushes off and sets sail for new horizons. The crew has prepared to weather the troubled waters of criticism, whirlpools wait anxiously for the tiny ill-fitted ship, hoping to swallow the buoyant spirit in crests of paperwork and waves of apathy. Ric Marshall has managed to guide the *Coraddi* past the shoals, where other sister ships lie, to find clear and sailable passage. With the successful navigation of these harbor waters the watches are changing and it's time for the new command to take the helm.

The direction is clear and the format set; now the greater problems of financing and distributing become prevalent as the voyage is extended. The magazine can be made to float. The opportunity for students and students alone to compete on a level of relative sophistication is exciting and dangerous. Exciting because the learning is accelerated and pressurized. Dangerous because the responsibilities of tradition and competition with other local magazines for readership is crucial. Like Columbus, who held on to the vision of a new world while others contemplated mutiny, the *Coraddi* must hold on to the vision of an Arts Magazine as a significant student publication. The confidence must start coming from the student body in the form of submissions and earnest criticism. With this confidence restored and a steady hand at the wheel the *Coraddi* can be the object of pride of all that attend UNC-G.

Scott Dodgson



CORADDI

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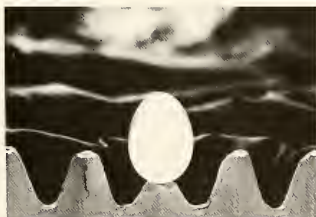
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(Front Cover) Untitled 1979, by Shirley Gibson, Graduate Student.
"Henry James looked for a pattern in the carpet, my search is for the pattern on canvas."

(Back Cover) "Army Truck" 1977, by David Smith, Graduate student.
"My work is a reaction to, and thus a translation of my environment, from my environment I select those elements which I find elusively intriguing. The play of light is a particularly important factor in much of my work.
My objective essentially is to create a heightened sense of reality; to bring a freshness or clarity to that which may be overlooked or unseen." Winner Marietta National Painting Award 1979.

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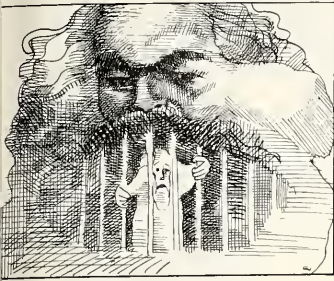
Camelia on branch

With pen and ink,
a single line
as soft as silk
assumes an oriental pose.
From an unseen hand,
a steady stream

of black ink
strands

reveal
a contoured rainbow
by blending shades
of the same
charcoal-colored hue
into

an unpretentious flow,
drenched with delicate beauty
which can mesmerize
and tantalize
with a
serene and
simple
stroke.



Barbarism with a Human Face, Bernard-Henri Levy. Harper & Row. 1978

By Scott Dodgson

With the publication of *Barbarism with a Human Face* Bernard-Henri Levy has set at the age of thirty a whole new course for the sixties generation of Leftist Marxists, the same generation that in May of 1968 manned the Paris barricades. Levy himself once a student brigade leader in the name of Marx and Socialism has now changed his position in such a drastic and persuasive manner that he is rapidly becoming a brightly new shooting star in the realm of world politics and philosophy.

Why has this former advisor to the French Socialist Party now changed so drastically a position so firmly entrenched in the dogma of Marxism? Originally stimulated by the work of Russian author Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Levy realized both Marx and Socialism were obtusely limiting the individual freedom of the people. The artistic thrust of Solzhenitsyn's work opened for Levy a new perception of philosophy.

Levy tries to shake the illusions of Marxist thinking with a table pounding exposition, hoping to jar the reader's consciousness. Verbally attacking the reader Levy articulates how the system (the "smiling face of barbarism") is slowly decimating the very thoughts of the individual. Because the system has managed to centralize vast amounts of power, while at the same time becoming more and more impersonal, it has conversely limited human liberties and therefore human life.

Levy's growing awareness of and concern for the future is captured evocatively enough in a humorous aside

"God is dead, Marx is dead, and I'm not feeling too well myself." The statement exemplifies the history and mood of Levy's new thinking. God, according to Levy, was replaced by Marx when Marxism was substantiated as the ultimate dogma of thought within the fiber of human existence. The pattern of philosophical thinking within that fiber was revealed to Levy through the writings of Solzhenitsyn. The third death will be that of the individual. Levy points out two methods of personal genocide that currently exist: the steady replacement by technology of individual worth or value, and the Gulag.

For Levy, "Gulag Archipelago" revealed in a dynamic fashion the true nature of Marxist doctrine. The "artist, the moralist and the metaphysician" are all claimed by Levy to be "antibarbarian intellectuals". Traditionally it is the artist who deals in a different dimension of thought, and this dimension is what initiated Levy's new position.

The author deals with such a broad scope of ideas and qualifications that he frequently falls short of holding one's attention for more than short periods of time. He rejects the idea of socialism and the idols that mark the success of this way of life. He also rejects the philosophies of enlightenment, of Rousseau, Robespierre, Adam Smith and Kant, to call to the readers attention that the peoples of the world, both east and west, are slowly but effectively losing their personal liberty to the omnipotence of big government. Yet his boundless energy effectively drives home this newly found awareness.

The Janus face of good and bad complicates the readers' perceptions of the wrongs committed by the system, but according to Levy that is precisely the thing which maintains the successful "locomotion of Barbarism". The outstanding success of his essay reveals the true nature of his awareness of this fact, and he names the artist as the savior of the world, with Solzhenitsyn as the contemporary Dante. Even so, it is not this immediate popular success which lends ultimate validity to any philosophical stance. Hopefully Levy will expound his views more concisely and with less fanfare in future efforts.



Milton, William Blake. Shambhala/Random House. 1978

By John Jones

The increasing interest in the life and works of William Blake is evidenced in a wide range of activities, which include a "Blake Church" out in New Mexico as well as the array of laymen's guides to Blake's art and writings which have appeared in the last several years. Blake's work encompassed the highest levels of art, philosophy and didactic prophecy in such a way that the history of his appreciation reveals an incredible mixture of reading experiences. People have ignored Blake, called him crazy, called him crazy but great, seen him as a spiritual father and seen him as a prophet of the 21st century; the very integration of art, religion and philosophy which Blake achieved has allowed for widely disparate views of the nature and magnitude of his contribution to human culture. Of all of the new Blake material which has appeared recently, the two subjects of this review are perhaps the most useful, both for the seasoned reader of Blake and for the initiate into his unique and vivid world.

The Shambhala editions of *Milton* and *The Book of Urizen*, edited by Kay and Roger Easson, are first and foremost beautifully produced yet inexpensive reproductions of Blake's original color manuscripts. The fine printing and construction of the books becomes apparent at first touch and needs no further comment. The editors have supported their facsimile with extensive supportive materials, including a complete

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24



DAVID REAVIS



RIC M



Jim Gallucci

“ You’ll never know if you’re a successful teacher. You can have great evaluations, you can have all these written things. That doesn’t mean anything. It’s what happens five years, ten years from now, when people leave this place. That’s your measure of being successful. ”

Article by Eric Ries

There is some sort of incredibly eerie force at work during the course of the crusading history major’s first odyssey through the nether regions of the art department. Here nothing is the same as it is in the world above, in the realm of English, history and linguistics. The stray visitor into the world of Art feels like an intruder, whether he is made to feel that way or not. I try to tell myself that this is still the McIver Building, the friendly McIver Building, home of lectures on Eliot, discourses on Jacobinism, and drills on the relative importance of the verb, “Aller.” Through the recesses of my mind I search back for that name, the name of the English major I once knew who took general courses in the art department, found them enriching, and came out alive. All the eyes I pass seem to be looking at me, my sport jacket, my tape recorder, my backpack filled with books on Mussolini. They look up from their sculptures and their sketches, these art majors and fellow-travelers, and suddenly I am not a journalist but a mass of quivering flesh.

I admit to certain preconceived notions about those who dabble in art. I walk through these halls assuming that this is a group of people who think differently, eat differently, experience differently than myself. It is a breach that is as wide as the Renaissance and as long as a scholarly work on the implications of the French Revolution. I work my way along, to the outside of the building and through the side door to the Foundry, where I have been told I might find my subject.

In the Foundry I feel even more alone. Groups of intense students sit working on projects. Discussion revolves around design problems. The talk is of depth perception and proportion. I long for a mention of the election of 1896, but hear none. Even the sight of a friend that I know from the outside does not appreciably quell my discomfort. I am



directed to the office of Jim Gallucci, the subject of my interview, and I enter.

To my dismay, yet also to my fascination, I find the “office” to be totally different from any academic office I have ever entered. The room is more like a cubby hole than an office, with all the characteristics that the words entail: a place where things are stored, squirreled away. Assorted tools and art materials lie on shelves and desks in seemingly random disarray. There is not a Norton Anthology to be seen, no pictures of Bismarck or Napoleon on the walls. Those things don’t belong here. Yet when

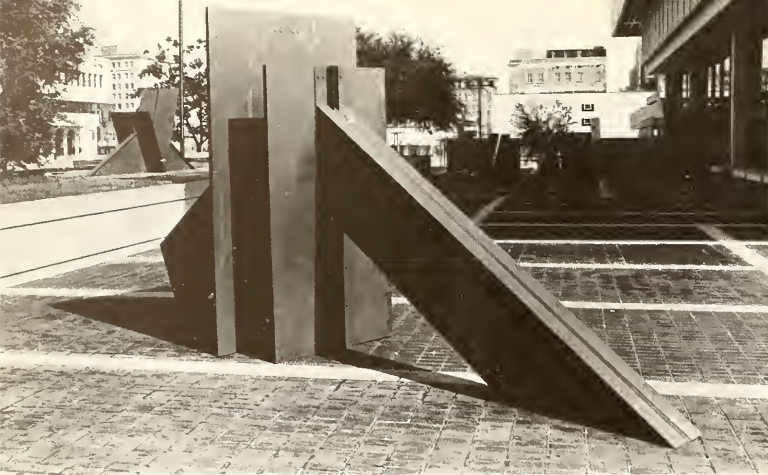
Jim Gallucci enters I realize that *he* does.

He is a short man with a full beard and subtle yet noticeable intensity in his eyes. My first impression is that he *looks* like an artist, but I wisely decide not to tell him this. I quickly find that he is far from an elitist concerning art, and looks dimly upon attempts to dichotomize it from the rest of human experience, as indeed my mind has already done. One perceives that Gallucci sees art as a *part* of the act of existing, a cog in a well-rounded whole. He mentions the fact that students from many different disciplines take art courses, and explains, “I try to get in a situation where they can spill over into anything. They can go into theatre, they can go into interior design. I’ve probably changed some people’s whole concept of designing clothes...”

I decide to begin by discussing a relatively “safe” topic, the “inflatables” that Gallucci’s students designed and exhibited on campus several months ago. This before I broach such weighty questions as those of “Artistic Vocation” and “the place of the Artist in contemporary society.” My plan is to be the passive listener now until I gain some confidence, then launch into my imitation of *Commentary* magazine. Gallucci is explaining the idea of the inflatables, and indirectly expounding upon his own laissez-faire approach to art. I find myself becoming caught up in his words, and I forget about making an effort to appear intelligent for a moment. I merely listen.

Gallucci explains that the polyethylene shapes, designed by members of his Design 240 class, carried with them a wider implication than merely the exploration of an unusual art form. Mentioning the physics of pressure

(clockwise from top left)
Jim Gallucci test drives a Design 240 car, constructed of cardboard, which were subjected to rigorous weight and distance tests.
A demonstration of aluminum casting.
Gallucci reclines in an inflatable he made himself which has been used as, among other things, a storm shelter for an exhibit at Community Day and a giant water slide during Spring Fling.



The bright red sculpture of Jim Gallucci, invariably responded to in very definite if not always favorable ways by those who view them, stand here in silent vigil over Greensboro's Governmental Plaza...

involved in inflating the projects, Gallucci comments, "We do it every day; your lungs depend on pressure and diaphragm. Well, that was basically a giant lung that was out there." In discussing both the inflatables and another project in which cardboard was used as an art form, Gallucci touches upon the artistry inherent in any given material, and the tendency of society to take things for granted: "We're a throw-away culture, and these are kind of throw-away products...Most plastic is considered good for wrapping your meat in, or cookies..." If it's not made out of bronze and wood, I guess it's not sculpture," he says with an affected lilt in his voice. "But it *can* be. It can be a lot of different things." With a kind of amazement and awe Gallucci adds, "People look at bags completely differently after that (an experience such as the inflatables). They think, like, it's a hell of a job just to put a little seam in and seal a bag, and it *holds*...The discovery is the learning that goes along with it."

Now I decide to tackle the Big One: Why did Jim Gallucci decide to go into art? There is a long pause, during which my subject frowns noticeably in my direction. This makes me feel uneasy, and I catch myself wondering whether or not this happens to the interviewers on the staff of *Commentary*. After what seems like an hour he makes a short statement, mumbling something about his affinity for art being something that he guessed was always there, though imperceptible until

his college days. He gives all indications of ending the discussion there, as if to forever dismiss what was a stupid question in the first place. But just as my nervous fidgeting begins to assume the proportions of gyrations he begins to expand upon his original statement. He mentions that he had not really seen an art museum or witnessed a piece of sculpture in creation until his freshman year in college (at Lemoyne in Syracuse, N.Y.), when "I saw a sculpture being made by a sculptor one time and it just flipped me out. Immediately I knew that that was *something*." He pronounces the last word as if to emphasize the awe and the realization of self coincident with the experience. He explains further, "It's a way of thinking...Some people are dancers. They're *born* to be dancers. They walk like dancers, they can understand the concept. But they never knew that's what it was called. And then one day they'll walk in, they'll see a dance studio, and they'll say, 'I want that.' " The rest, as they say, was history. After obtaining a B.A. in English (I wonder if my eyebrows have visibly raised when he tells me this), he went on to get a B.F.A. and Masters at Syracuse. He has now drifted into this cubby hole at UNC-G, where he seems to be at peace with himself, teaching art.

I ask what he hopes his students will get

(right) Gallucci holds an outdoor class critique of the inflatables project.

Photo: A. Doren

out of art, what kind of guidelines he tries to set as a teacher. He replies very slowly, "I don't spoonfeed," and then adds with a hint of malevolence in his voice, "I hate this business that you do a little project, you get graded, you do another little project..." Then he tempers his tone, as if to say he has mentally contradicted himself, and adds, "Granted, though, I do handle my 140 that way...but I'd rather...I think the ideal situation is what's happening with these banners (the enormous, two-dimensional environmental designs that appeared on UNC-G buildings for "Community Day"). Given a project, given the deadline, given the supplies, you just go to it. The grade has no meaning. I think they're (the students) finding that. Which is good, because then you're learning. You're not playing games." I wonder if Gallucci considers himself a successful teacher. His face assumes a wrinkled, quizzical appearance. He begins uncertainly, "You'll never know if you're a successful



teacher.” He adds with more conviction, “You can have great evaluations, you can have all these written things (he picks up a scrap of paper from his desk and waves it over his head). That doesn’t mean anything. It’s what happens five years, ten years from now, when people leave this place. That’s your measure of being successful. Does the person go on and use it?” While I’m on the subject of teaching I ask Gallucci what gives him the greatest pleasure as a teacher. His answer is unequivocal: “Enthusiasm. It’s terrible if there’s no enthusiasm. You find yourself being an actor, not a teacher.”

Gallucci begins to speak of the banners, about which *he* is obviously enthusiastic. He points out: “Each banner communicates in visual terms, some written terms, what the building is, what is contained inside it...They’re actually giant murals, like mosaics. Really fantastic. Students worked up all the ideas...They had some problems with scale. The library one is going to be about eighty feet by



...an exhibit sponsored by the United Arts Council's Green Hill Gallery. The pieces themselves seem to have erupted from below, remnants perhaps of a previous existence that has suddenly thrust itself into the present.

fourteen feet.” I quickly realise that the approach to the project (crafted jointly by the students of Gallucci and Dr. Jo Leeds) is in keeping with the Galluccian method of teaching: “A deadline’s on them. You’ve got to think. How do you construct something like that? What’s the dynamics of it? What about wind? What colors are used to work? You can have an idea, but then you’ve got all these design problems.” But Gallucci also says that the students as a whole seem very enthusiastic about the banners, and adds with a grin, “That’s the best right there.”

As Gallucci pauses I take the opportunity to ask him a question I have had on my mind since the opening few minutes of our session: How does he respond to the allegation that the study of art is pointless in a job-oriented, career-gear modern university? (The question, as a history major, is particularly close to my heart.) The look of intensity returns to Gallucci’s face as he responds: “We’re not here to get you a job when you get out. That’s a...false thing. I think people who do that usually become disillusioned with school very quickly. They’re usually pretty grade-oriented. They miss the education. It’s questions. We throw a lot of questions at people. We have no answers. But after awhile hopefully you’ll find you’ll start to make your own questions. That way you find answers.”

Gallucci feels that one’s motives, both in the study of art and in the artisan’s profession, should stem from the need for

accomplishment and not from a desire for self-aggrandizement. He draws the distinction between achieved fame and bought fame. Achieved fame, Gallucci explains, is fame gained through hard work and excellence. One who has achieved fame does not brag about his prowess. He merely goes about his usual chores. Bought fame, however, places a premium on wealth and influence rather than ability. Gallucci says tiredly, almost bitterly: “Do I want to be a famous artist? What’s ‘fame?’ That’s not important. If you have enough money you can pay people off. So you become a famous artist. So you have ‘fame.’ Where’s your soul? Where’s your guts? Where’s you?”

I feel reassured by Gallucci’s words, especially those concerning the role of the liberal arts major, possibly because it serves my purposes as a rather disoriented college junior to do so, possibly because I have grown to respect my subject during the short time I have known him. Whatever the reason, here at interview’s end I feel a little more at ease, a little less out of place in this alien Foundry on a dark and damp day in March. The thought occurs to me that perhaps these denizens of the art department really do think and experience the same things I do. Maybe even eat the same things. I feel considerably less self-conscious as I leave, yet I still feel some relief as I climb back upstairs, to the offices where Bismark and Napoleon Bonaparte hang on the walls.

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PARKWAY PLAYHOUSE

By Rich Innes and Ric Marshall



Parkway Playhouse is located in the sleepy little town of Burnsville, North Carolina, some 35 miles northwest of Marion and not far from Asheville. Over the years it has earned itself a reputation for producing consistently good theatre, and attracts near sell-out crowds for most performances. At the same time the Playhouse serves as a summer training ground for theatre students from all over the United States, but most importantly perhaps for students from here at UNC-G. Through their brief experience at Parkway theatre students are exposed to the rigors of professional working theatre, from try-outs to final curtain call and strike. And despite financial difficulties the program continues to play a major role in UNC-G theatre curriculum.

The university began its affiliation with the theatre in 1947, after it was able to secure the support of Yancey County officials. Raymond "Teacher" Taylor, often regarded as the father of theatre education at UNC-G and for whom Taylor Theatre here on campus was named, was the program's first director. For a time in



the mid-50's the Playhouse was sponsored by the University of Florida, but when Herman Middleton took over the UNC-G Drama Department in the 60's it was again returned to Greensboro management. Today it serves as a performing arts laboratory for the university, affording students the kind of experience impossible to equal in the classroom.

Burnsville is a tiny mountain town, quiet and quite lacking in any excitement that might distract the students from their main goal. Each day they arise for company exercises at 7:00 or 7:30, and the remainder of the day is spent on equally rigorous classes, rehearsals, and work periods. Everyone rotates functions on the technical end, sewing costumes or painting backdrops for at least one production. The work is demanding, and the very competitive nature of theatre



takes its toll among the 50 or so participants who must live, eat, and work with those against whom they must also compete for roles.

The facilities also take their toll. Though the theatre itself is in excellent condition, rehearsals are held in the old gym and auditorium building of the Burnsville grade school, and the dormitories, particularly the men's, are far from luxurious. Yet these difficulties are not without their benefits. The staff and students must work doubly hard to overcome them, and few students come away from the experience without being enriched by it.

The local audiences add their own personality to the performances.

Although many come from Asheville or even Greensboro to see the plays, it is the local residents who seem to support the theatre most, and despite complaints from some students regarding their "somewhat less than cosmopolitan tastes", are tremendously enthusiastic about the Playhouse. Out of towners often stay



at Burnsville's historic Nu-Wray Inn, which has been in existence since 1883. Rush Wray, the proprietor, is one of the founding fathers of the Parkway Playhouse, and his establishment is well known for its mountain hospitality, good food, and kindness to theatre patrons and performers. Across the town square stands the Yancey County Country Store, complete with Wooden Indian. Next to the Country Store stands the Parkway Playhouse "marquee", which lists the seasons productions.

The program has served its function for more than thirty seasons, and plans to form a consortium of Southern universities which would jointly operate it are currently under consideration.

UNC-G would continue to play a major role in the daily operation of the Playhouse, yet other schools like the University of Georgia would provide



additional support and input. Most likely the theatre would continue its present pattern of inviting well-known professional actors to take a number of important roles in each show, enabling the students involved to benefit from their experience and knowledge of professional playhouse theatre.

This coming season, the theatre's 33rd, will run from June 24 to August 12. Participating students earn up to seven hours of graduate or undergraduate credit during their stay, and this summer's productions will be *You Can't Take It With You*, *Guys and Dolls*, *California Suite*, *Cat On a Hot Tin Roof*, and *Gypsy*. For further information, interested individuals may write the Managing Director, Parkway Playhouse, UNC-G.

□□□□□



Scavengers

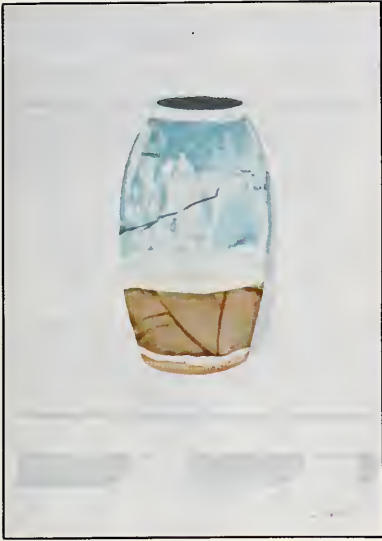
Scavengers, all of us,
Turning the bones of infant dreams,
Poking the wounds of languid emotions
and wringing our hands in yesterday's tears
while wondering
if this carcass of cerebral cataclysm
could have ever survived
the cancers of maturation that ate away
the vividness of those careless fantasies,
the purity of naive visions
and the trust in first impressions.
Predators, yes, all of us
hover and dip to search for signs of your demise.
You refuse to believe
the prognosis told by generations
over and over again.
Infections set in:
objectivity,
skepticism,
accepted protocol
and the slowness of calculated thought.
It's all over so quickly
and we mourn with our indigestion
what we rejected,
then earnestly denied--
youth

The sun
breaks open the horizon
while a god sleeps,
unconscious
to the blustery boots
of the unknown.
The sounds seek the old man
working in his basement,
protesting the doors
that shut him in.
He views the chimney draft
and hears the belching hells.
Meanwhile,
shaving the last whisker
from his face,
the god pauses
for the old man to dream
of screaming eggs
and the birth of a world

Harvest Time

You are to the world
as the mellon to the vine:
bound
satiated
and sun-softened as dandelion yellow.
Your membranes glisten
taunt, suggesting explosions;
premature for reaping,
too soon for convenience though near death
worms crawl
on stunned stomachs from numbing vapors
upon your surface too sensitive to bear
the probing of their feet
in the molten, soul-substance
seething from the imprints.
Sensing apocalypse, they scurry away
through rock ravaged August dust
to less volatile vegetation
and potato mounds.
Your rind shell expands
in orgasmic contortions wrenching freedom
from earth-anchored vines
dried, contracted,
they hardly felt you;
gathering under,
your hull burst outward
spewing essence, seed and spirit skyward.
Bees dance
in the rainbow of your spraying moisture
while their wings,
heavy with your goodness,
fly to fertile petals
to immortalize your emancipation.
The harvester grimaces,
curses the soil and natural timing
while igniting the force
of the tiller blades.

SPECIAL ART SECTION



(Above) "Vase" 1979 by Christine Eisenhardt, Graduate Student.
"Subtle variations in color to create a form that sits in space."
(Right) "Dogwoods at Fall" 1979 by Sharon Samson, Graduate student.
"Natural dye with poke berries and tomato plants for the color."





ANNE WINDHO



(Above) UNC-G senior John Mellage at work at the potter's wheel, from the initial throw to the final "Blowing up" (Left) "Buoy" 1979, by John Mellage.

(Right) "Katherine Pasco" 1979, by Anne Windhorst, Senior. "I started studying photography three years ago, with Joanne Leonard, at Mills College in California. As my first teacher I feel most indebted to her of all, since she inspired me to love the medium. I have tried to explore the potentials of photographs as much as possible, ranging from collaging personal images to taking photographs for their political significance. Since I came here to UNC-G I have largely concentrated on taking pictures of people, specifically portraits. While these portraits seem to be largely successful, thanks to the help of A. Doren and my friends who have posed for me, I do not consider myself a portrait photographer but merely still in the process of exploring the fundamental rhetoric potential of the medium."



(Left) "Dale Sleeping" 1979, by Jerry Miller, Graduate Student. Chancellor's award, Spring 1979.

(Right) "Stone Painting" 1979, by Jeff Joyce, Senior. "My painting is specific, and not figurative."



(Left) Untitled 1979, by Tim Weilant, Junior. "I've been taking pictures for five years. The most satisfying thing about photographing is the practice of visual discovery. For me, seeing something for the first time is exciting, and making a photograph of it is therapeutic."

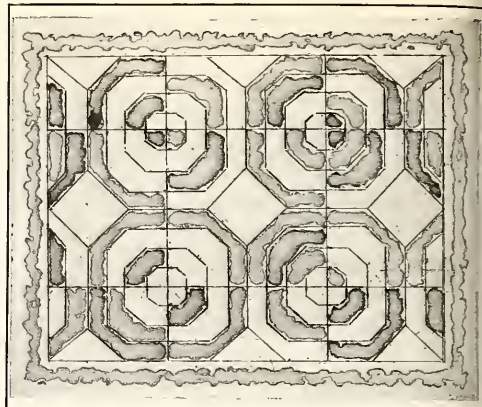


(Left) "Wendy" 1979, by Linda Reynolds, Sophomore. Etching.

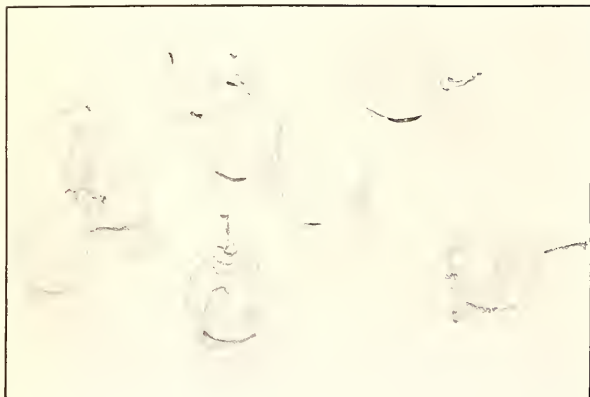


(Right) Self-portrait 1979, by Lucretia Tedford, Graduate Student.

(Right) Untitled, 1979, by Frank Garnier, Junior. Etching. "In my paintings and prints, I'm working with a synthesization of a rigid grid and an arbitrary system of color, with the end result being an image which appears hard and ordered at first glance, but upon further inspection reveals a network of subtle variation within the overall structure."



(Left) "Pears" 1978, by Karen Greene McDermott, Senior. "The larger the object the more we are forced to keep our distance from it. The object (painting) must remain the center of focus, not the beholder." (M. Fried)

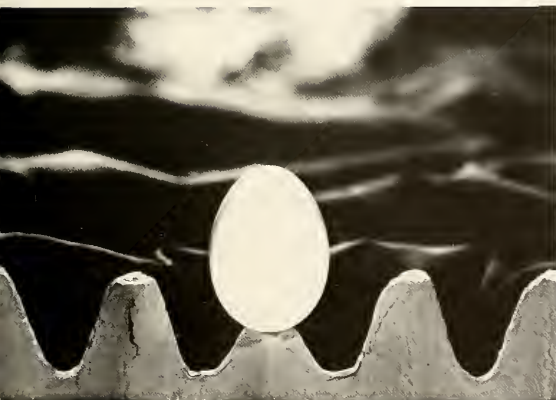


(Right) Untitled, by Howard Tillery, Junior.





(Above) "Egyptian" 1979, by Amanda Annis, Graduate Student. "The distance from the tip of the nose to the end of the nostril is a mile." (Giacometti) (Below) "Egg and Egg Carton" 1979, by David Reavis, Senior. "I came never having seen the interior of a darkroom; in my senior year A. Doren taught me to stop taking pictures and start taking photographs."



(Right) Untitled 1979, by Jeff Kinard, Graduate student. "It could be a farewell portrait of the student body."



(Left) Self-portrait 1979, by Guillermo Velasco, Graduate student. "You ask me to quote. I can't quote. I hope you like and understand what I am doing."



(Left) "Swinetta on Tour" 1979 by
Louellen Vernon, Graduate student.

"Astride her majesty's royal steed, Tony the two-tone pony, Swinetta bids farewell to her crowning city and begins her tour of the porcine kingdom. Smiling, Swinetta waves goodbye to her loyal subjects lining the streets hoping to catch a glimpse of the new Gilt Queen. Riding with regal dignity, Porccilla, Swinetta's personal advisor and chaparon, follows close behind. Porccilla once held the honored title of Gilt Queen and will be a valuable aid to Swinetta, as she tours and graces porcine regions with her presence." 1979 Louellen Vernon (excerpted from "Swinetta on Tour").



(Right) Untitled 1978, by Kenton A.
Robertson, Sophomore.

An Infinity of Words, Liquid

1.

Prufrock led me to these depths.
a warm and salty cave;
bubbly and amphibious
I have somehow learned
not to drown.
But the slowness!
God, each sucking breath
seems never to end, never to change
as my laboring lungs
seep the ocean's blood
through swollen capillaries
Work is frustrating down here,
early evenings the worst,
heaving rounded pebbles and shell fragments
up toward the frothy surface,
the occasional boater
I can thus attract
who may indulge in a quick dip
and see my creations,
the yield of a long day's groping.
This time of year it's slow
but I stay ready. My arms
are growing thick and ripply
pushing through the heavy green water
at half speed --
most throws even yet
never reach the top
but catch themselves
on the drifting currents that swirl
just where the light begins to fail.
Each day a few more stones
push through the swell
like clumsy striking fish,
alerting the bronzed fishermen
and their gaggles of flowershirted tourists
to the human life beneath them.

2.

Something of a legend I've become,
laughed about in the island bars,
monstrously distorted by the fishing guides,
a lot they know. I never show myself,
only lure them down and hide,
giggling to myself inside the cave
as the gapers, tanked and masked,
inspect the curious signs of life
I have arranged for their improvement.
Never yet has a group discovered my pieces
and let them lie. Scooping them up in net bags
they jerk their ropes and slowly ascend,
spreading their find on slippery decks
and never failing to remark
how much the air and light have changed
the thing they saw below.
I have to laugh, I really do,
it seems that I can nearly hear their curses
as they bemoan the failure to recover
whatever special quality it was that
made my arrangements so luminous, resonant.
As soon as the water clears
I gather materials, start again.

3.

It was scary at first
eating the ocean
minutely
with easy gulps that send whispering eddies
around my ears, tickling the rotting ends of hair.
My skin has grown pale and feathery,
greasy to the touch.
A layer of translucent organisms
thickens daily on my exposed skin.
Two days ago I awoke
to a pair of toad-like sucker fish
nuzzling my calves.
I ate them for breakfast.
Food is too simple --
Even if my hunger were real, which it's not.
I'm starting to feel my body opening up,
the pores accepting nutriments
from the murky water of the cave
while I sleep.
Maybe I'm getting used to this.

Assignment: Community Day

ed on the Spring Garden Press of the University's Jackson Library with Arrighi &

COMMUNITY DAY

University of North Carolina at Greensboro

SUNDAY, MARCH 25, 1979

Mankind are the creatures of books. -Leigh Hunt, 1852



Librarian & duly appointed : : Keeper & Operator of the Press : : A keepsake for visitors

Contract types set by emilie mills who is Special Collections

Members of a photography class were assigned to "capture the spirit of Community Day 1979". (clockwise from right) Ron Griffin, Jean Sinclair, Howard Tilkey, Naomi Slikkin, (center) Laura Morris. (top left) An example of printing that was demonstrated on the Washington Press in Jackson Library by Emilie Mills.



book reviews

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

transcription of the plates and a substantial essay in each book which attempts their explication and appreciation. The essays are trustworthy and valuable, not least because they are open and honest about their perspective: "To read William Blake's illuminated books is to participate in a spiritual education." These words begin each of the essays on *Milton* and *The Book of Urizen*, and so from the start the reader is aware of the editors' commitment to Blake's own greatest purpose for his books, the "raising other men into a perception of the infinite."

The decision to reproduce these particular Blake books in itself reveals the editors' concern with the spiritual education available in Blake's work. *The Book of Urizen* embodies Blake's confrontation with and assimilation of the

adversary of spiritual progress -- namely, the errors of the reasoning mind, and *Milton* is concerned with the arduous redemptive journey created by the initial achievement described in *Urizen*. Together the books offer a substantial, though not complete, representation of Blake's prophetic achievement.

Having made clear their position on the spiritual value of the books, the editors provide as well a balanced assessment of their poetic and artistic achievement. The essays discuss themes and literary allusions of the poems and relate these to the structure of the entire prophetic statement, which includes as a vital element the pictorial representations. The Shambhala books are intended not as a definitive text of the poems nor as a scholarly reproduction of the original plates, but rather as a "reading" text, and the integrity of their conception and production insures their value to anyone interested in Blake. The sincerity with which they promote the spiritual value inherent in these poems makes them invaluable to anyone interested in the nature of spiritual education of the role of prophecy as a part of that education. □

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Article by Scott Dodgson

When was the last time you stayed to watch all the credits to a movie? What would you think if *Hello, Dolly!* had no costumes or flats? Can your imagination carry you through a duel without dueling pistols? We as a viewing audience take for granted the overall effect of good theatre. Writers can provide the thought and actors provide the action, but technicians provide the physical reality.

TEKKIES™

Who are the *real* stars behind a given play? They may usually be found in the costume shops or scene shops, already working on the next production, because it is always the next production that demands the attention.

The first step in a production is the initial collaboration between the director and the designer. The designer's job is to interpret what the director feels he wants into blueprints and renderings. For graduate students in technical theatre, the complete design of a show, including the stage, scenery, lights and sound, provide the essentials of a graduate resumé.

Gavin J. Smith is one such graduate student here at UNC-G, having completed his undergraduate work at Central Michigan University. According to Gavin, the theatre department here

sent him a personal letter describing the facilities and the credentials of the instructors, and Gavin was sufficiently impressed by the personal appeal that he came down. The theatre bug bit Gavin in junior high and since then it has been the focus of his aspirations. He offers advice for other theatre students with the suggestion not to become too specialized in any one area but to try and learn something about all aspects.

For the kind of experience needed in the professional job market, graduate students like Gavin take very seriously the design and building of sets, stages and lighting. Gavin was responsible for the much-celebrated UNC-G production of *Hello, Dolly!*, which was designed by Randy McMullen. Because the responsibility for so many shows falls on the shoulders of these graduate students,



CARL LEFCO

acquiring skill comes with hard work and a desire to do well. Gavin explains that because the labor students put in is volunteer, specific individuals can cause a serious shift in the work load by not showing up. Careful interviewing and requiring these students to attend work sessions would enhance the students' learning process.

After Gavin, Randy or Carl Lefco, who designed the set for *Scapino*, have completed their blueprints, work begins in the fully equipped scene shop at the rear of Taylor Theatre. Materials have to be bought or frequently found, as purchases have to be carefully scrutinized in keeping with the budget, and scavenging and the re-use of old supplies are common practice. Crew chiefs assign different aspects of the total set design to specific individuals, who are totally responsible for that work.

Meanwhile, faculty member Susan Lambeth, who designs the costumes, will have already given MFA candidate Rick Brown the next show's renderings for actual construction. One of the criteria that Susan will have set is that the costumes look like they came out of the character's closet. Every costume is custom-designed for a show and tailored to the specific performers. There are no Suzy Homemaker Patterns here, thus increasing cost. Budgets must also be tailored very carefully when the costs of material and props are constantly rising. The main difficulty in saving money on individual productions is that most costumes and props are not used more than once. In many cases the challenge



LEFT: GAVIN SMITH SETTING LIGHTS ON THE SET OF *SCAPINO*.

Article photos by Bob Murdoch.



(left) Though Susan Lambeth is practically a jack-of-all-trades, her specialty is costume design. She does the renderings for each character in a show, which become the "blueprints" for the actual costume construction. Show above are renderings from the show *Scapino*, with scenes that show how the characters actually looked.

of designing and building, and still making the budget balance requires many hours of hard work and dedication, but the camaraderie within the costume shop makes the work pass enjoyably.

The timing and coordination of all these highly skilled craftsmen with the roles of the actors is the main concern of the stage manager. This individual balances the creative and technical forces that make theatre as a viable entertainment medium into a smoothly coordinated affair. Here at UNC-G, one of the stage managers most in demand is senior Kathi Boyette, Burt to all her friends and fellow workers. Although there is not a single course in stage management at this university, Burt has become familiar with all the various aspects of technical theatre. Beginning in the costume shop, she has moved through lighting and set construction

and finally settled with full stage management, where she emphasizes the team work atmosphere from which she receives such great personal satisfaction.

The next time you attend a play or see a movie, note the credits for the technicians, and after a while you will notice that the same names begin to crop up. Unlike actors, who are in abundance, good technicians are very hard to find. Perhaps if you like to be involved in theatre, and yet you also like to eat, then forget about the smell of the grease paint and think instead about the buzz of a saw or the hum of a well-oiled sewing machine. The demand for craftsmanship and creativity in our society of computers and molded plastic is generally not very high; the exception is in theatre, where pride in workmanship is essential.

□□□□□



BURT AND GAVIN ON BREAK



*"Trio For Six: Snapshots
I Time Lapse, II Double Exposure, III Closeup
choreographed by Gay Cheney.*



THE UNC-G DANCE COMPANY



(right) Anne Deloria dances a solo piece entitled
*"Dance For Small Spaces, 1972, For Piano, Tape
and Dancer."*

(below) A scene from Dorothy Berea Silver's
"Garden of Earthly Delights".







In May 1979 Joseph Levinoff will retire from UNC-G where he has been Ballet Master since 1969, thereby completing another stage in his life of dance. The Gala Ballet Concert Performance, given in March by the UNC-G Dance Company, featured the four pieces that Levinoff considers the best of his choreography. Shown are scenes from "*Valse-Fantaisie*", "*Concerto*", "*Gala Performance*", and "*Festival in Venice*".



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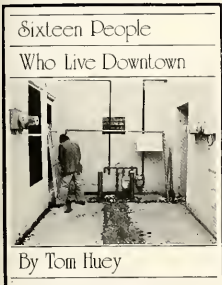
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